



AT EVENING TIME

By

LIVIA · IONE · YOUNG

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By
Livia Ione Young

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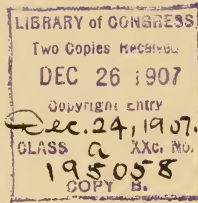


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To

My Friends

Many of whom now sleep among the New England hills

Liria Tone Young

New York City, August 31, 1907

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At Evening Time

S OFTLY o'er the landscape
At evening time;
Fall the darksome shadows
At evening time;
As an Angel kneeling,
Perfect peace revealing,
Glimpses sweet of homeland stealing,
At evening time;

Dimly blue the mountains,
At evening time;
Fainter grow the outlines
At evening time;
As bells distant pealing,
Touch our souls with healing,
Calling forth the heart's best feeling,
At evening time.

Dreamland

INTO that dreamy land where I live
Cares cannot come;
They vanish like rays of fading light,
When day is done.

In all dread Passion's dark, seething strife,
I have no share;
Even Ambition's fierce, scorching flame
Has no place there.

Into that shadowy world of thought
And mysteries,
Peaceful songs of the soul mount higher
In harmonies.

Borne on the wings of my dreamy thoughts
Musings arise,
Calm and as sweet as the dawn of day—
Soul's paradise.

A Sea-Song

AWAY! Away! Away!
Over the wide, bare sea;
Far-off waves are calling, calling,
Fringed with foam are falling, falling,
Shadowed in mystery.

Away! Away! Away!
Sunlit and fair the day;
Distant sails are flitting, flitting,
Lonely isles are sitting, sitting,
Lovely in sea-mists gray.

Away! Away! Away!
Breezes are fresh and strong;
Yonder lights are beaming, beaming,
Golden rays are streaming, streaming,
Lighting the way along.

Away! Away! Away!
Billows are flecked with white;
On and onward speeding, speeding,
Through the waters leading, leading,
Homeward beyond the light.

November

THE fields are thickly strewn with leaves,
Dead leaves—a faded diadem—
And through the naked branches grieves
And breathes the wind's sad requiem.

No more the light along the hills
Of sunset hues—rare crowns of bloom—
Gaunt trees with solemn visage fills
The world around with mournful gloom.

The squirrels whisk through sunken walls—
From tree to tree, their stores to hide;
Again, a straying walnut falls
Amid the thickets, stained and dyed.

The ocean beats upon the shore
With ceaseless dull and hollow thud,
And clouds that shall return no more
Across the somber landscape scud.

Happiness

THE poet writes in simple lines,
Of happiness the home heart finds;
"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-staying hearts are happiest."

Oh! hearts that wander far away,
And from your homes are prone to stray,
In search of peace, to seek for rest,
To stay at home is happiest.

For peace and joy no heart need stray
To lands where clearer waters play;
The peace of life each heart may win,
For happiness it is within.

Asleep

A SLEEP! Aye, fast asleep!
Morning light cannot wake them,
Nor yet can the stormy blast,
Where wintry flakes drift in snowy cover,
Under yellow leaves and purple clover,
They are sleeping at last.

Old Norwich Town

THE Rose of New England!
Thou hast been rightly named,
For since among the quaint historic towns that crown
The wild New England hills—for native beauty
famed—
Thou art the fairest found,
Thou stately Norwich Town.

The Rose of New England!
Here many waters meet,
From further hills, and far off tangled woodland leas,
The rivers onward glide to mingle at thy feet—
With gathered force to pour
Their tribute to the seas.

The Rose of New England!
Thy winding streets and hills;
Thy towers and turrets rise like feudal castles old;
Thy giant trees whose interlacing branches fills
In autumn time the fields,
With clouds of burnished gold.

The Rose of New England!
I love to think of thee;
Thy name the cares of busy life and sorrows drown,
Brings back the long, long days, and childish fancies
free,
And with a long farewell
To thee, old Norwich Town.

Throughout the Night

THROUGHOUT the clear night, the marvelous
night,
The luminous heavens with stars are bright,
And sweetest perfume on winds softly blow,
Like memories dreamy of long ago.

Throughout the long night, the mystical night,
The day flowers slumber in fading light;
The lilies of peace, with petals of snow,
That bloomed in the gardens of long ago.

Throughout the dim night, the shadowy night,
Come echoing voices, long passed from sight,
And speak once again—now sadly and low—
From deepening slumber of long ago.

Throughout the still night, the wonderful night,
The heavenly choirs sing from distant height,
The magical music we used to know
In the folded shadows of long, long ago.

Retrospection

WHERE is the promise of our youth,
Once written on our brow,
What have the fleeting seasons brought,
To claim that promise now?

I own that some have gathered home
The sheaves and ripened grain ;
While some have toiled in barren fields,
To reap but tears and pain.

There are who hold the cunning hand
Of destiny and fate
Hath shaped each wayward, misspent life,
Hath ruled the wise and great.

I know not why the goal is missed
That stills the restless brain ;
That bids earth's weary tumult cease,
And breaks the sleep of pain.

But who shall solve life's mystery,
To those within the door ;
Redeem the promise of the years,—
A shadow evermore.

Homeward

(Old-Home Week, Norwich, Connecticut, July 1, 1903)

HOMEWARD the wanderers turn their steps
To yonder New England hills;
Haunts of fair childhood's unclouded days,
Whose memory ever stills;
Fragrant in fulness of flowerage,
They welcome back home to-day,
Straying and reverent footsteps
That have wandered so far away.

Homeward the swift flying sea birds speed
Aloft in their dizzy height;
Instinct unerringly shapes their course
In the heart of the lonely night;
Homeward bound travelers on distant seas
'Midst emerald streaked foam,
Tenderly turn at the twilight hour,
To shadowy dreams of home.

Homeward the wanderers turn their steps,
As children when night has come;
Wearied with baubles and playthings long
To rest and be safe at home;
Sheltered amid the green hills of home,
A while at their feet to rest;
Touched with the light of the olden time—
The Haven of Home is best.

Autumn Leaves

NOW, a hush is in the air,
Now, the fields are brown and bare;
Lightly float upon the breeze
Leaves from flaming forest trees,
When Autumn days are here.

Mountain streams with scarlet lined;
Barren rocks with garlands twined;
Purple, topaz, brown and red
Are with matchless grace o'erspread,
When Autumn days are here.

Uplands, glens with color dyed,
Crowned in splendor—glorified;
Far away the wooded heights
Shine and gleam like starlit nights,
While Autumn days are here.

Yonder sumac's blazing torch
Burns like fire—a touch might scorch—
'Neath the stones,—by wayside line,—
Peeps the winsome, crimson vine,
Now Autumn days are here.

Where the lowly mosses hide,
Mounds of leaves drift, side by side;
While soft breezes from the west
Scarce disturb their dreamy rest,
For Autumn days are here.

Autumn's touch the world hath given
Rainbow tints like those of Heaven;
Countless shades of beauty glow
On the hillsides, high and low,
When Autumn days are here.

Can it be that this is death,
This is Summer's dying breath,
Wearing radiant smiles of bliss,
Flaunting gay farewells like this,
While Autumn days are here?

Life

A FRAGILE floweret blossomed
In forests dim and deep;
The night winds hushed this stainless flower,
And then it fell asleep.

A fragile floweret blossomed
Beneath the noonday glare;
And one there came who crushed its heart,
And left it dying there.

Questionings

WHERE did you get your starry bloom,
 You fields with color dyed;
Where did you get your radiant light,
 All touched and glorified?

And you, you yellow buttercups,
 You saucy little things;
Where did you get your dewy cups,
 Where golden incense swings?

And you, you dogwood, dreamy-eyed,
 With clouds of whitened sprays;
Where did you get your snowy flakes,
 To drift the woodland ways?

And you, you tiny violets,
 Whose fragrance never dies;
Where did you get your eyes so blue,—
 From heaven's cloudless skies?

And you, you tangled clover heads,
 Like evening's purple haze;
Where did you get your royal hue—
 From dying sunset's rays?

And you, you daisies, far afield,
Tell me in whispers low,
Where did you get your hearts of gold—
Do you the secret know?

And you, you dainty arbutus,
By March winds coldly driven,
Where did you get your rosy blush,
Like a faint hope of Heaven?

March

COMETH March, with changing weathers,
Tossing trees about as feathers,
Wildly shrieks the wind and rain;
Pipes it now and whistles shrilly,
Rushes down where lands are hilly,
Sweeps across the level plain.

Breaketh forth the sunshine brightly,
Blithely sing the song-birds lightly,
Openeth the bursting bud;
In the meadows flowers are springing,
Joyously sweet incense bringing,
Nature's face with beauty stud.

The Water-Lily

SLEEP, thou water-lily,
Upon the quiet lake;
Sleep, in peaceful slumber,
Until the morn doth break.

From the depths of darkness
Thou came to meet the light;
Spotless, pure and fragrant
From somber realms of night.

Free from earth's defilement
Perfect is thy retreat,
Filling silent forests
With perfume rare and sweet.

From thy first-born freshness
Until thy petals close,
Thou are emblematic
Of a Divine repose.

A Wildwood Lover

ARE you a lover of moor and fen,
Of uplands, fields and the purpling glen,
Where trees with foliage downward bent,
Throw shadows deep when the day is spent;

And streams play wild down the mountain side,
Till lost in ocean's resistless tide;
And low winds whisper throughout the trees,
Like haunting prayers on the evening breeze?

Now, upward, whirring the sound of wings,
From leafy cover there trills and rings
The wild birds' song, with shrill rise and fall,
Whose sweetest note is the homeward call.

Along the pool's sunken, mossy side,
Amid sweet-flag rushes, tall and wide,
The insects murmur and hum with glee,
Low, crooning songs of the wildwood free.

Are you a lover of moor and fen,
Far, far away from the haunts of men?
Come, then, with me, I will take your hand,
And lead you home to that quiet land.

The Snowstorm

THOUSANDS of crystal snowflakes
Endlessly to and fro,
Hither and thither circling,
Feathery cloudlands grow.

Falling like homeless wanderers,
Driven from steep to steep,
Finding at last a refuge—
In the great world to sleep.

Softly o'er frozen marshes,
Heaps the white, drifting snow;
Softly o'er wilder forests,
Bending the branches low.

Hiding the far-off hilltops,
Folding them still and close;
Lending a hallowed glory
To their perfect repose.

Wreathing in wondrous beauty,
Meadows and mountain streams;
Changing the somber landscape,
Into a land of dreams.

Gleaming through evening shadows,
O! thou pure, silent snow,
Resting with holy luster—
Dreamlike, on all below.

The Nun

"Who is the greater, the wise man who lifts himself above the storms of time, and from aloof looks down upon them, and yet takes no part therein,—or he who, from the heights of quiet and repose, throws himself bodily into the battle-tumult of the world?"—*Outre-Mer*.

A PART from the world, O thou Pilgrim of Heaven,
Art nearer the Fountain where Mercy is given?

Thou takest with thee neither silver nor gold,
But, tell me, art thou any nearer the fold?

The burdens of life, thou hast laid them all down,
And thinkest of only the cross and the crown.

The pleasures of earth, as they come and they go,
Are shadows to thee, in thy garments of woe.

No home hast thou here, but thou lookest above
To Heavenly Mansions prepared by His love.

A question I ask thee, art thou nearer Heaven
Than thy fellow travelers all footsore and driven

By tempests and toils, and the depths of despair,
And wearisome battles that earth's pilgrims share?

Wilt rest be more quiet, more dreamless, more sweet,
Than to those who ne'er knelt at His crucified feet?

I ask thee again, with all kindness and love,
For I am thy neighbor, thy Judge is above.

The Old Schoolhouse

(Long Society, Norwich, Connecticut.)

THE old schoolhouse, as in the days of yore,
Still stands within the country ways;
Beyond, where patches dark of woodland spread
The wandering rivulet strays,
And rolling pastures stretch far, far away,
To meet the sunset's rays.

The district school; where came for miles around,
In summer's heat—in winter's storms—
The boys and girls; clear-eyed, red-lipped and tanned,
Whose ruddy cheeks the rich blood warms;—
With pail and basket, strapped with book and slate—
No fashion knew these childish forms.

How many tales those scarred desks might relate!
What triumphs books and slates possess!
The spelling match, the games of hide and seek!
The feats at noontime and recess!
On yonder hills, the farmers' varied store,
To which was stormed access.

Across the fields, where moaning pine-trees spread
Their needles o'er each sunken bed,
The teacher sleeps. Sleep softly; years have fled
Since thou our childish studies led;
The purple clover heaps its tangled flowers
Above thy honored head.

Oh! little schoolhouse, many years have passed
Since thy first lessons left behind,
When on "last day" from wisdom's lips received
Admonitions and wishes kind,
We turned to seek new worlds—in fairer climes—
And life's stern lessons find.

Evensong

NOW softly rings the evening chime
At evenfall—the vesper time—
Now far—now near—on wand’ring breeze,
Like strains of wind-swept forest trees.

They toll the hymns of parting day,
And sweetly chant in holy lay,
Like voices from fair, unseen lands,
Or harp strings touched by tender hands.

The night comes down! The daylight’s past!
And evening time is falling fast—
List! o’er the earth a silence dwells,
As tuneful peal the evening bells.

Highland Light

(Cape Cod, Massachusetts.)

ACROSS the dusky sea, at close of day,
The lonely ship thou guidest on its way
Through all the night;
Thou ledest home the wayward seaman frail,
Through storm or calm, where foaming waters trail
To morning light.

No night of fear can dim thy fiery eye,
Alone thou knowest where stern dangers lie
Along the way;
And when the morn breaks o'er the weary sea,
Thy tower of white will still a guidance be,
From day to day.

Above Cape Cod's sandy, trackless shore,
Above the surging tide of ocean's roar,
The Highland Light,
For many years, through changing night and day,
The wanderer has guided on his way,
Beyond the night.

Along Shore

THE drooping sea-weed floated with the tide
 Upon the broken shore;
The torn and tattered fragments of sea-dreams,
 Like days that are no more.

The narrow ridge of beach stretched miles away
 Where sharp rocks leaned to sea;
And dark-browed forests crept along the shore,
 In depths of mystery.

The beach-grass leaning with the fitful breeze
 In hazy patches strays;
And wild marsh-mallow's tinted blossoms peep
 Along the sandy ways.

Frail, drooping sea-weed, on the ebb and flow,
 Of changing ocean's tide;
The restless sea may bear thee safely home,
 Or drift the ocean wide.

Memories

MY thoughts will ever wander far away
To my New England home;
And from that Northern land, of early days,
Enchanting visions come.

I know not why it is, but day and night
Sweet voices call me home;
The scene is still the same as in the days
Before I learned to roam.

They tell me of the lilac-scented bowers,
And fields with laurel grown;
They tell me of the fragile, wayside flowers
That live and die unknown.

They tell me of the wayside flowers that bloom
Without frail mortal care;
And bring to me their vagrant, sweet perfume
Like an immortal prayer.

And list, I hear, from out the dreamy past,
Hushed voices call to me
Of those who long ago have turned aside
To rest beyond the sea.

Though far afield my weary feet have strayed,
And in the wilderness,
The cry is still the same, "Come home"; "Come
home";
As of a soft caress.

And still they call; these low, sweet, pleading tones
O'er land and over sea,
Throughout the drifting mist of fleeting years
Have ever called to me.

Sometimes the cares of busy day will drive
These plaintive tones away;
But in my dreams I seem to hear again—
As though of yesterday.

The Children of Light

THERE are who carry in their heart,
Through country ways and crowded mart;
Who walk amid unceasing strife,
And restless tide of human life;
The harmonies of continuous chime,
Of thoughts serene and melodies sublime,
Go forth to toil with greater zest,—
Their souls have learned the secret source of rest.

The Wild Rose

ALONG the dusty highway,
Where thorns and thickets strew
Their leaves in sweet confusion,
A blushing wild-rose grew.

O'er stones and stubble wandered,
Across the sunken wall,
With face to light uplifted,
Until the evenfall.

The air with fragrance filling,
Nor asking yea or nay,
If darkening shadows linger,
And dim the perfect day.

No human hand hath tended
This fragile, wayside flower,
Nor watched its life unfolding
Beneath the sun and shower.

So lived this dainty wild-rose
Its frail but perfect life,
Apart from world's contention,
Apart from care and strife.

And wayfarers—weary travelers
Along that dusty road,
Are by the humble wild-rose cheered,
Though lowly its abode.

My Dreams

REMORSELESS Time,
Take not from me my dreams,
As down the lengthening chain of years,
The mystic twilight gleams.

Take not from me
That wild, sweet source of rest,
That soothes the sharp, relentless thrusts of Fate,
And bids me toil with zest.

And when, stern Time,
Thou callest me to part,
With those dear souls whose love has been my life,
Strong let me be at heart.

Whate'er may come,
While still the daylight streams,
Or when the shadowy evening steals,
Take not from me my dreams.

A Little While

IT may be days, or weeks, or months,
Or, perchance, shadowed years;
A little while to learn life's secret ways—
To still life's doubts and fears.

A little while, and this frail life
Will vanish as a sigh;
Like morning mist, or fragrance of the flowers,
Or blush of evening's sky.

A little while to think, to act—
And life's short day is past;
A little while to kind and patient be—
The days are flying fast.

A very little while to stray,
Ere light fades in the west;
A little while! O! such a little while,
And then—to be at rest.

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